

D U M B R I T T A I

That noble and that ancient Town
Dumbrittain glorious for renown,
 That stands upon the Silver sides,
 Of *Clyde* and *Leven* wash't with Tydes:
 Two Rivers scorning to change names,
 With *Tweed*, or *Forth*, nay not with *Thames*;
 More venerable none can be,
 If we respect antiquity:
 Or if we look to Situation,
 She is the pride of all the Nation;
 Her port, so safe, so calm, so fair,
 Sole object of the Seaman's pray'r;
 Her Fort of such magnificence,
 Is boasted *Scotland's* chiefe defence;
 Environ'd with the scalie legions,
 The Burgers of the brinnie regions;
 Her Buildings Graceful, and her Fields
 Pleasure and profit jointly yields:
 All these are worthy of great praise,
 For which this Town deserves the bayes;
 But in this one She doth excell,
 And from all others bears the *BELL*,
 That in these awless Lawless times,
 Famous for Faction and for Crimes,
 She and She only strives to be,
 Famous for pious Loyalty.
 Therefore Commissioners has sent,
 Indulged Traitours to prevent.
 Her very common Bells do ring,
 Obedience unto the *KING*,
 That nothing in the Town may be,
 But what may sound their Loyalty,
 Ev'n just like *Arons* Bells of Gold,
 That did both sound and teach of old.
Dumbrittans Bell as ye shall hear,
 Can charm the Heart, and Chim the eare,
 An instance whereof ye may mark,
 In honest *Thomas Walker* Clerk,
 A Man who from this very story,
 May reckon'd be *Dumbrittains* Glory;
 Just like the Town Clerk in the Acts,
 That was made Famous by such Facts;
 Tho he did but appeale a strife,
 But *Thomas* did convert his Wife,
 And therefore in records of Fame,
 Deserves a farr more noble Name;
 This was the way he her converted,
 To Conventicles She had started,
 Wherefore he vow'd Her to divorce,
 And would admitt of no remorse,
 And that all men might clearly see,
 How Zealous he resolv'd to bee,
 He for the skillet *Bell* doth call,
 To roap what was in House or Hall;
 That so She might for ay despair
 His person, or his goods to share.
 The *Bell* doth clank, the Rogue doth cry,
 Who'le *Thomas Walker's* Goods, come buy;

For *Thomas* he his Wife will banish,
 And his whole House he will displenish,
 And teach all Husbands to their shame
 A Wife's ane easie thing to rame.
 The Woman come of ancient race,
 The *Watsons* chief Men of that place
 Who for their valiant Loyalty
 Were gifted with the Sacred Tree.
 Then which their's no Tree unto fate,
 A Tennant of a longer date;
 The *Watson* for his Manly stroake,
 Doth in his Arms bear the Oake.
 Gentle She, and melting hearted,
 At the first noise of this She started,
 And ay the more the *Bell* it sounded,
 The more, the more She was confounded,
 And now She thought the time was come
 That She would get Queen *Vashties* Doom.
 And did begin to fear the worst,
 And in Her Heart *Phanaticks* curst,
 And their debauch and lawless Meetings,
 That are Prophane and Godless Cheatings,
 That discord make in Church and State,
 And in all Families debate.
 But chiefly thought Her self accurst,
 That from Her dear must be divorc't:
 Her head was full of dolefull notions:
 Her Heart with melancholy motions:
 Her words with sighs all chequered are,
 And with Her hair Her hands made Warr
 But still the *Bells* most shâmetull sound;
 Her heart with grief did most confound.
 And had not Friends by Intercession,
 Caus'd *Thomas* pardon Her Trangres
 Then suddenly Her fatal Breath
 Had pay'd it's last arrears to Death
 But now all Persons Her do see
 A Zealot in Conformity.
 Who Poyson in Her Meat would d.
 Far sooner then offend a Bishop,
 And with impatience doth endure it
 To hear ane ill word of a Curate.
 When primrose in *December* gre
 And Rivers over Mountains flo
 And when the Load-stone hats
 And when the Sun goes no m
 When night turns day, and v
 In motion grows Irregular;
 And when the gl
 And when a Poor Man's ne
 And when a *Whigg* endue'd w
 With courage or with courtesie,
 Then shall our convert grow so
 Once more to try a Conventicle.
 Sure this would bring us all to e
 And free us of our miseries,
 If King and Counsel kent the kne
 Of honest *Thomas Walker's Bell*.